

for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as a better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

*West.* I, but, sir Iohn, me thinks they are exceeding poore and bare: too beggerly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their pouertie I know not where they had that: and for their barenesse I am sure they neuer learn't that of me.

*Pri.* No, he be sworne, vnlesse you cal three fingers in the ribs bare: but sirra, make haste, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What is the king incamp't?

*West.* He is, sir Iohn, I feare we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene ghilt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Wee'll fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why, say you so: lookes he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good coosen be aduis'd, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not, my Lord.

*Doug.* You doe not counsell well: an old word, how now, how now, You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas, by my life, And I dare well maintaine it with my life,

If well respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:

Let be seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

*Doug.* Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be, I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine horse

Of my coosen Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle Worcesters horses came but to day, And now their pride and metall is asleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tamed and dull, That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy, In generall iourney bated and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth our:

For Gods sake, coosen, stay till all come in.

*The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, sir Walter Blunt: and would to God

You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some

Envy your great desertings and good name,

Because you are not of our qualitie,

But stand against vs like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anointed maiestie.

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know

The nature of your grieues, and whereupon

You coniure from the breast of ciuill peace,

Such bold hostilitie, teaching his dutious land

Audacious crueltie. If that the king

Haue any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your grieues, and with all speede,

You shall haue your desires with interest.

And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind: and wel we know, the king

Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:

My father, and my vncle, and my selfe,

Did giue him that same royaltie he weares,

And when he was not sixe and twentie strong,

Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched and low,

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